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JOAQUIN MILLER

SO HERE THEN IS A LITTLE
JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF
JOAQUIN MILLER

By ELBERT HUBBARD

ALSO A STUDY OF THE
MAN AND HIS WORK

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES



TO WHICH IS APPENDED A SLIGHT
STUDY OF THE MAN WHO WROTE
THE STUDY, BY FRA ELBERTUS,
WITH SUNDRY SELECTED POEMS
BY THE POET, GIVING A GOODLY
TASTE OF HIS RARE QUALITY

DONE INTO A BOOK BY THE ROYCROFTERS AT
THEIR SHOP WHICH IS IN EAST AURORA, N. Y.

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ABACUS

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In men whom men pronounce as ill,
I find so much of goodness still ;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot ;
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not.

—Joaquin Miller.

THE LITTLE JOURNEY



Library of
California

THE LITTLE JOURNEY

HE wrote the greatest poem ever written by an American: He lives at Oakland, "on the Hights," and his name is Joaquin Miller.

We took the street car to the end of the line, and the conductor pointed to the road that led up the hill, "Take that road and sail on," he said, and smiled in a way that indicated he had sprung the allusion before and was pleased with it.

We followed the road up the hillside. The day was one of God's own, done by hand, just to show what He could do. The sun was warm and bright; a gentle breeze, cool and refreshing, blew in with messages from the sea.

The road wound around the hill, and led upward by a gentle rise—back and forth, around and back, and soon we saw the roadway over which we had passed, a hundred feet below, with gardens between. Gardens everywhere! Gardens lined off with boxwood and fenced by nodding roses. Just above were orange and acacia trees,

JOAQUIN white with blossoms that showered their petals
MILLER upon the passer-by.

And still we climbed. Up and up by that gentle ascent, up and up and up we went. The air was full of perfume and drowsy with the hum of bees. Birds twittered in the thick foliage, and at a bend in the winding road we saw a flock of quail running ahead of us, and suddenly disappear among the masses of green.

Sandy was interested in finding out where the quail had gone; Ben mopped his forehead, and with coat on arm, talked of the Higher Criticism, the wonders of the universe, and how beauty was free for all—his preacher-habit still upon him. ¶ Brudder and I turned and looked down upon the panorama spread out at our feet. Here was color—gorgeous, superb—the lilac of the wistaria winding in and out among the roses, while pale pink azalias, delicate, esthetic and spiritual, trusted to our power of discernment to single them out from the more obtrusive masses of magnolia that everywhere sprang warm and voluptuous, heavy with perfume.

A little further away the color was lost in masses of green that pushed off into a dark purple. Spires and steeples, and giant palms lifting their fronded forms in air, told us the city was down there, five miles away. And then there came a line of dark blue that wound in and out, and marked the bay, where little play-ships stood in the offing—their prows all pointing one way. Submerged in the blue ether across the bay lay the city of San Francisco—her plots and her schemes, her ambitions and her hot desires, her tears of disappointment and her groans and griefs, all veiled and lost beneath the translucent purple-blue coverlet of this lazy summer day.

Over to the left, clinging to the hillside, was Sausalito, replica in little of the villages that line the Bay of Naples. There at Sausalito lives Bill Faville, Prince of Architects, making much monies, they say, over in the city, but hiding away here on the hillside in a cottage of three rooms, where Mrs. Bill escapes the servant-girl question and the jealousies of the Smart Set by living the life that is genuine. I will not say, "God bless Mr. and

JOAQUIN Mrs. Bill," because I know that He has and will.

MILLER ¶ Just beyond Richardson's Bay, where phantom ships toss on the tide and wait for cargoes that never come, is San Raphael, and Dick Hotaling's ranch—fairest of playthings—three thousand acres—belonging to Dick and his friends, where plates are always placed for me and the Cublet, and chants from the Good Stuff are done in minor key as the sun goes down through the Golden Gate, with Dick's permission.

Beyond is Mt. Tamalpias, and just over there is Mt. Diablo, where Preacher Ben says I should go on pious errand bent.

Ben is a joker.

We trudge on up the hill, carrying coats and hats in hand. The air grows warmer, the flowers are even more plentiful.

We have been walking nearly two hours, and must have come five miles. The road skirts through a dense mass of dwarfed oak that covers the driveway as the elms arch Chapel Street in New Haven, only more so.

"It is like this," said Preacher Ben; and then he

began to explain to me the Law of Paradox. **JOAQUIN**
¶ “The collection will now be taken,” came a **MILLER**
deep bass voice from out the greeny gloom of the
close-growing oaks.

We started, looked, and there on a seat not
twenty feet away sat the Poet. You could never
mistake him—he looks like no other man on earth;
personality surrounds him like an aura.

We stared.

“Come here and sit down, you rogues,” called
the voice.

The Poet did not arise—why should he? We had
always known each other, though we had never
met before. We shook hands and Ben and I took
seats on the rustic bench beside him, Brudder lay
on the grass at his feet, while Sandy renewed his
interest in quail.

“Here I’ve been waiting an hour,” said the Poet,
“I put on my Sunday clothes and came down to
meet you, but I had about given you up. Ben said
you were coming, but preachers are such dam liars
—they promise Paradise and mansions in the skies
and all kinds of things which they can never sup-

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MILLER

ply—I was afraid that you were not coming!” He arose. He is six feet high to an inch, and in spite of his sixty-two summers, straight as Sandy and just as strong.

He stood off and talked to us. He knew we were admiring him—how could he help it! His white beard fell to his waist, and his mustaches were curled up savagely after the manner of Emperor William, while his wide sombrero was cocked carelessly to the northwest. His long, yellow hair fell to his shoulders. The suit he wore was of yellow corduroy that matched his hair, and his russet-top boots, fringed at the side, matched the corduroys. The buttons on his coat were made of nuggets of Klondike gold; his belt was of buckskin with a big silver buckle, and between the bottom of his vest and the top of his trousers was a six-inch interregnum of blue flannel shirt. A bright red necktie blew out from under the white beard; the trousers were caught over the ears of the dainty boots; one hand wore a gauntlet and its mate was carried in a small, white hand, upon the middle finger of which was an immense diamond.

Q “You are looking at my ring—worth a thousand dollars or more, they say—given to me by a dear friend now in Purgatory, if Ben knows his business. JOAQUIN MILLER

Q “I wear that ring in memory of a great friendship, and also because I love the diamond for its own sake—it symbols infinity, eternity. The diamond is pure carbon; at least, we can resolve it back into carbon, but this done we cannot make it over into a diamond. It is like life, we can take it away, but we cannot give it. The secret of the diamond is not ours—it took an eternity to produce it. I am as old as the diamond and I shall never die.”

We followed on up the hillside. The sun was sinking down into the Golden Gate in a burst of glory. “It’s all mine,” said the Poet, and waved his hand toward the western landscape.

We came to a queer old stile and followed along a grass-grown pathway. Soon a whole little village smiled upon us from a terraced outlook, that seemed surrounded and shut in by tall pines. The houses were about as large as dry goods cases—say eight by twelve. There were a dozen of them,

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owned by the Poet, and of all sorts and colors and shapes; all not worth so much as that diamond ring. Over every little house ran a regular riot of roses, red and white, in a mad race for supremacy. In one of the tiny cottages lives the Poet. We entered—there was only one room, a rag carpet rug in the center, a plain pine table, a bed in the corner. All around the room hung the Poet's clothes.

"I am an ascetic in everything but duds," explained the Poet, as he saw Brudder vulcanizing. "You see, folks are always giving me things—there is an Esquimau suit of seal-skin, then comes that leather hunting shirt and buckskin breeches. The next is my second-best suit of corduroy, the next is a velvet coat given to me by the Woman's Club of Denver, when I lectured for them. As you see, I have ten pairs of boots and six pairs of moccasins. That ministerial black suit I wear when I speak in Ben's pulpit."

There was a Mexican saddle and bridle in the corner and bits of horse jewelry hung around on hooks.

“And your books?” I ventured. ¶ “Books?” JOAQUIN
said the Poet, “Books? to hell with books! Books MILLER
are for people who cannot think.”

It will be observed that the Poet’s language is as picturesque as his raiment. His words fitted him like the feathers on a duck. Ben tried a swear word, but it was strangely out of place, and as for myself, I only cuss in print.

Joaquin Miller is the most charming poseur on this terrestrial ball, but he has posed so long and so well that his poses have now become natural, so he is no longer a poseur.

Up on the topmost crest of the hill he has built a monument, square, stern, rude, crude, and immensely strong, with frowning battlements and menacing turrets. The weather-worn rocks used in its construction gave the building a Druidic look. It took three years to build this monument, the work being done mostly by the Poet’s own hands. It is twelve feet square at the base, and about twenty-five feet high. What it was all for has been a question much discussed in the neighborhood.

The Poet is very proud of this monument—it

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MILLER

really is a superb bit of handicraft for an amateur. I saw the craftsman's pride beaming out of the blue eyes, and so I worked the conversation around and lighted the fuse. And here is the story:

I started to build that monument to the memory of Adam. I thought that this spot must have been the Garden of Eden—and anyway, the Garden of Eden was no finer than this. And then I had caught glimpses of God walking around here in the cool of the day, and so my Chinese helpers and I began the monument.

Then one day Preacher Ben came up here and told me what a bad man Adam was, and how Adam and his wife had made all the trouble that was in the world.

Then I cast around to think who was the next best man. And I dropped on Moses.

Moses was the greatest leader of men who ever lived. He led his people out of captivity—made them free, and there is nothing finer than to give freedom.

So I said to my Chinese helpers, "Here goes to Moses!"

Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter, you know—a love-child—his father an Israelite. She hid her baby away in the bulrushes, and then went

down and found him at the proper time, and told one of the most touching little stories ever related—very beautiful and the most natural thing on earth. The child was brought up a prince, but his heart was with the Israelites, and you know how he finished an Egyptian that he saw putting the thing on an Israelite. Oh, Moses had the quality—I expect to meet him in Elysium some day—he is our kind.

JOAQUIN
MILLER

How about the mistakes of Moses? Look you, my boy, Moses made no mistakes. Don't imagine that a man does not know just because he does not explain. Moses knew, but he gave out just what his people were ready for, and no more. He used to say, "God told me this and God told me that," which was all right. God tells me things every day—He whispers to me at night, and often I get up and go out under the stars and wait for His messages.

All of the Mosaic Laws were for the good of the people, sanitary, sensible and right. Christianity is a graft on Judaism, and it all traces to Moses.

¶ Mose was what you might call an ornithological *rara avis*.

When he died, God was the undertaker—no one knows where he was buried, but I am of the belief

JOAQUIN
MILLER

that he was buried right here—exactly under this monument, and so far my assumption has not been disproved.

Now we will unlock the little iron door and take a look inside of this monument. You see these steel grate-bars—looks like a furnace does n't it? Well, that is because it is—a crematory. My body is to be placed up on top, that steel cover is to be lifted so as to get a draft through, and twenty-five cords of good, dry redwood will do the business. There is the wood corded over there—we use a little now and then, but we never let the pile get below twenty-five cords.

I have invited all the preachers and priests, joss-house men and sky-pilots in Oakland, Alameda and San Francisco to attend my funeral. I have written the funeral address myself, and the preachers are to draw cuts to see who shall read it to the people. Yes, the people are invited, too, and if the funeral takes place on a school day, I have arranged that the children shall all have a holiday. I love children and children love me—they come up here sometimes by the hundreds and I read to them. I never caused a child a tear. All the mean things I have been guilty of were directed towards grown-up men.

No sir, no one shall wear mourning for me—death is only a change of condition. And Nature's changes are for the better. I want all denominations represented at my funeral, because I belong to every sect. I sympathize with all superstitions and creeds, because there is really but one religion—these seeming differences are only a matter of definitions evolved by certain temperaments. I worship Joss, Jehovah, Jove, Jesus, Mary the Blessed Mother, Ali Baba, and Mary Baker Eddy. All of the gods were once men, and these names all stand for certain things to certain people—each means all to you that you can put into it. A name is a sound, a puff of air, but behind the epiglottis, the eustachian tube, the palate, the tongue and the roof of the mouth, is a thought—I sympathize with that thought, even with error, because error is the pathway to truth, and so error is a phase of truth. I am Francis of Assissi, Novalis, Plato, Swedenborg, Porphyry and Buffalo Bill. I fill myself with aceticism, get drunk on abnegation, recite my own poems, and dance a two-step inspired by self-sacrifice. I am touched with madness, but sane enough to know it. I have a good time on nothing, and although I live 'way up here alone, yet I am always in the company of good people—

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MILLER

are n't you here? I am the Universal Man, and so are you, and everybody is, only they don't know it. What 's that Chinaman yelling about? Oh, he says breakfast is ready—I forgot.

When you visit Joaquin Miller, you are not shown to your room—you are given a house. The Poet puts his head out of the door and gives an “Al-lehoiah-ala-hoohoo-oo!” and out hops an Oriental, all dressed in white, and takes you to your cottage. You perform your ablutions (I trust I use the right word) at the spring, or the horse trough, and when you get back that heathen Chineese has opened your suit-case, brushed your clothes, hung out your night-shirt, placed half a bushel of cut roses on the table and disappeared. In ten minutes he comes back in to tell you in pigeon English that supper is ready.

The dining-room is in one of the cottages, set apart for a kitchen. The Chineese is a superb cook. Our table is set out under an arbor of roses, and we have vegetables to spare, and fruits galore, and nuts to crack, and a tin bucket of milk cooled in the running water of the spring, and loaves of

brown bread which we break up in chunks; but there is no meat. ¶ The Poet leaves us—he has work to do—but scarcely do we get back to the cottage, which we already call Home, before the Poet's bearded face looks in at the open window, and he asks, "Did you see that inscription on the Carnegie Library down at Oakland? Over the doorway are carved three words, 'Poetry, Literature, Prose.'"

"That is a personal biff—I told 'em so. I said, 'You fellows should have put it this way: Poetry, Prose, Rot, Tommyrot; and inside you should have carved these words: Oratory, Gab, Guff, Talk, Buzz, Harangue, Palaver, with the name of some good man who has a talent for each.'"

The nearest cottage to the one occupied by the Poet belongs to his mother, a Quaker-like old dame, ninety years young, who fully realizes that she is part of the Exhibit.

There was a whispered conference between Mother and Son, and then the old lady asked: "Which one is it, did you say, that writes the 'Little Journeys'?"

JOAQUIN I saw I was being pointed out, and so I modestly
MILLER scrutinized the surrounding landscape, while the old lady scrutinized me, walking around me twice. Then she sighed and remarked, "He does n't look so very smart to me," and went on solemnly with her knitting. Later, we became good friends—the old lady and I—although I was conscious that I was being compared furtively with the son of his mother—much to my disadvantage.

"He is greater than Shakespeare," said the old lady to me once, confidentially—"only, do you know, he is such a fool that he tears up the best things he writes, and says he is going to write them over, but he never does."

And then she explained how this son went off to the Klondike two years ago, and was now planning to go again. "But I 've set down my foot! I found out about it and just put a stop to the whole business—the idea!" and the good mother sighed in a way that showed she had troubles of her own.

We stood by the stile, saying the final good-bye. The old lady had come down, too. "He tears up



GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

the best things he writes," she said to me—"now tell him he has no sense!"

JOAQUIN
MILLER

"And if you should," said the son, "she would be the first one to dispute it."

"Thank heaven, I have n't another son like you!" was the answer, and the boy of three-score dodged the old lady's cane, and said, "Don't worry, sweetheart, you never will!"

We crossed the stile, and followed on down the winding pathway that ran through the grove of citron and orange trees. Looking up after five minutes' walk, we saw the Poet standing on a slightly jutting cliff just above, his arm around his mother. The old lady leaned over and called aloud to me, in a voice touched with falsetto, "Don't go to the Klondike—it is a fool idea!"

ELBERT HUBBARD.

THE STUDY

THE STUDY

JOAQUIN MILLER, the unique, the eccentric, the sensational, the incomprehensible! Yes, and at the same time, the greatest poet of all this great America of ours. No other writer has caught the lights and shades of the West—its trackless deserts, its majestic mountains, its gloomy canyons, its valleys, its placid ocean, and its rough and ready, generously reckless, tenderly sympathetic, early-day pioneers, as he. Joaquin was brought up in the midst of it. If not born in it, his childhood was spent in it. The Oregon Trail was his first foot-path, skirmishes with Indians his youthful adventures, and the wild children of the untamed West his earliest companions. **A**nd with the eye of the true artist, he has painted his pictures faithfully to the land of his love. His portraits are true to the life; his landscapes full of the color that exists; his seascapes soulful of the tenderness, pathos and despair of the placid and treacherous Pacific.

Others have written often and much about

JOAQUIN
MILLER Joaquin, sometimes sympathetically, oftener harshly
and unkindly. To write truthfully, though, one
must know. The angle of vision determines the
sight seen.

No unknowing and unsympathetic soul can describe
Joaquin. He is too open, too simple, too complex
in his very simplicity to be understood by the man
who is always "looking for something more than
he sees." No poet was ever more misunderstood and
no poet was ever really so easy to understand and
know. Take him as he is! Read him as he stands.
Do not seek to interpret his actions; state them.
Do not put motives upon doings that are motive-
less, except that he had to do them. Let him be
his own interpreter and you will gain a clearer
knowledge of him. Thus it is I feel I can say to
Joaquin as Browning said:

Stand still, true poet that you are!

I know you; let me try and draw you.

We have spent happy days together—have quar-
reled and argued, loved and gossiped, trusted and
respected each other, and know each a little of
the other. That little I seek to present.

I once received a cordial invitation from Joaquin to spend Christmas day with him. I went early in order that I might enjoy the full day, and, as is my wont, took my camera with me, hoping for opportunities to make a few interesting pictures. It was a beautiful morning and as I left the electric cars in the valley and started to walk up the hillside road to the Hights, all nature seemed to respond to the joyous and healthy emotions of my own soul. With my heavy camera swung over my shoulder, I trudged along, now and again turning back to enjoy the glorious valley view, with the smooth expanse of hills surrounding the bay, and the glow of the morning sun on the far-reaching ocean. The winter rains had clothed the hillsides and valley in their most perfect robes. Everything was fresh, clean and sweet-scented, and the birds reveled in the delight of it all as much as I did. They twittered and chirped and called one to another and sang their loudest, best and sweetest in very fullness of joy. In one place, I saw a flock of blackbirds dabble in little pools left by the rain, chattering the while with a force and

JOAQUIN MILLER volubility that suggested that each was trying to drown the voice of the other.

On my arrival at the Hights, I found Joaquin's plantation in full bloom. He has an Oriental's fondness for flowers, and his garden, at this time, showed evidence of great care and love expended upon it. Joaquin's open door invited me to enter, but as I stood upon the upper step, I got a glimpse of the poet hard at work writing, in bed—his usual working place. Before I had time to greet him, his cheery salute burst forth: "What do you mean by coming and bothering me at this early hour in the morning? The desire to write seizes me seldom enough, and when it does, I don't want to be bothered by any one coming to see me. Go take a walk!"

Now many people would have been offended at a salutation like this, but I knew Joaquin too well to be such a fool. He simply meant what he said and no more. His whole nature was absorbed in giving expression to some thought that interested him, and I came as a disturbing presence. He did not want me and said so emphatically; therefore,



ANDREW S. ROWAN

without a word, I withdrew to enjoy the delights of the garden.

JOAQUIN
MILLER

Why will people insist upon it that candor is offensive and insulting? I was Joaquin's friend; he was mine. What friendship would there have been in my disturbing him at his work when I had all day to wait, and what faith would he have shown in my friendship, if, fearful of offending, he had allowed me to interrupt his work? That, to me, would have been an insult and an offence. To feel that my friend knew and understood me so little as to deem me capable of putting my paltry dignity before his comfort and the accomplishment of what might be work of importance to the world! For aught I know, he may have been writing at that very moment the poem that to my mind is the most powerful yet written in the English tongue—"Columbus"—and my unexpected appearance might have disturbed or jarred the fine equilibrium of mind and nervous system which enabled him to put into such pure, virile English, the grand and important lesson taught to the New World by this great discoverer.

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Suppose such a case—and it does not seem to me an unreasonable supposition—could I have forgiven myself had such a thing occurred? So now, as then, I am thankful to Joaquin for his honest candor.

Yet, warring with this sentiment in Joaquin's mind, was his tardy recognition of the duties of hospitality. Little by little there sifted into his preoccupied brain the thought that, perhaps, he had been discourteous to me. The moment he saw this, with an intenseness, fervor, and simplicity, as of a little child, he jumped out of bed, regardless of the fact that he wore nothing but his pajamas, rushed into the garden, rapidly and silently picked a most beautiful bouquet, and then, stalking up to me where I sat eyeing him with unaffected amusement, he said, "If you can read what the flowers say, you will see that I am sorry for not having greeted you more hospitably this morning. I love you and am glad to see you, but I am very busy and want to work out what I have in mind. Excuse me for a little while." During this speech, that calm, blue eye of his looked at me with a

tremulous intenseness of simple trust and affection that brought tears into my eyes, and I thought then, as I have thought many times since, how little people understand this great, big, simple-hearted, bewhiskered boy. There was no more thought of effect in this action than there is in the simplest doings of a child. He had yielded to the generous impulse that struck him, without any more thought of incongruity or ludicrousness than that displayed by a little child who rushes into a crowded reception room, in its night-dress, to kiss papa and mamma good-night!

As I sat there, however, cogitating over this interesting instance, somewhat in the fashion I have just written down, a new thought struck me. It was this: Though Joaquin does much of his writing in bed, I have never seen a photograph showing him at work. Now is the time to get one.

¶ Carefully I set up my camera, got everything ready, and then calmly, and as silently as I could, stole up the steps into his room. In a moment his ire was aroused. With gruff impatience he called out: "What are you doing?" Deliberately

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proceeding to focus on him, I replied: "It is not often the divine afflatus seizes me with the desire to make a photograph of a man at work in bed. When it does, I do not want any measly old poet to interfere with my work. You have your work to do, and I have mine." A merry twinkle came into his eyes, and then he laughed outright.

"Well, what do you want, anyway?"

"All I want is that you will go right on with your work, just as you are, until I ask you to stop. Then I want you to hold still and look pleasant for a little while, until I tell you to resume your natural expression."

He did exactly as I asked him, and the result was I secured two of as fine negatives as I ever made, showing the poet engaged in writing, in his favorite attitude.

It may strike some people as strange that he should desire to write in bed, and yet it is perfectly simple and natural. There is a freedom and ease of body when one is in bed, that, to many, is conducive to an easy flow of thought. I have often experienced it myself. The attitude of repose,

with eyes closed, is productive of mental activity. It is little trouble to sit up, write out the idea, and then lie down again until more thoughts come. It is only when the writing mood is upon him that Joaquin is thus a "stayer in bed." He is usually very active and fond of outdoor exercise. ¶ I once expressed to Joaquin a desire to meet Col. John P. Irish, who was then editor of one of the leading San Francisco dailies. One night Joaquin came over to Oakland to deliver a lecture, and, of course, I attended. Unfortunately, some pressing duties detained me and I arrived at the lecture hall after he had begun to speak. The room was well filled. It must have been a lodge room, for at each end and on each side there were small, raised platforms, on which were seats covered with canopies, such as are used for officers of secret organizations. Desirous of giving me a good seat, the usher took me to the raised platform on the side, at the right of Joaquin. My entrance naturally disturbed the speaker, and, seeing who it was, and noticing that Col. Irish sat immediately in front of him, the thought doubtless

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JOAQUIN
MILLER flashed through Joaquin's mind that here was a good opportunity to make the promised introduction. Accordingly, without any apology to his audience, he stepped from the stand upon which he was speaking, took Col. Irish by the hand and led him to where I sat, exclaiming, "James, Irish! Irish, James!" And then walked back and resumed his speech. To say the audience was amazed, is but to express it mildly; while Irish and I stood quietly laughing at each other, at the audience, and at Joaquin's consummate imperturbability.

Lady Constance Rothschild, the wife of Mr. Cyril Flower, Member of Parliament for Luton, well known for the brilliancy of her receptions, as well as their broad and bohemian character, once told me of a reception she arranged for the purpose of bringing Joaquin and Mrs. Langtry together. The latter was then at the height of her fame. On the evening of the reception, Joaquin came early, and, to Mrs. Flower's amazement, presented himself in a red flannel shirt, a pair of blue denim overalls, tucked into tall, miners'

boots, and wearing a very high-crowned broad-brimmed sombrero, which he failed to remove in her presence. JOAQUIN MILLER

"You do not mind my appearing in this rig, do you, Lady Constance?" inquired Joaquin. "I want to meet Mrs. Langtry as a representative of the miners of California."

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Flower, "whatever is agreeable to you is eminently satisfactory to me."

¶ As the other guests arrived, one by one, and saw this strangely grotesque figure, chatting with perfect ease and sang froid with the most beautiful belles of London, and the brainiest men in England, they wondered what new freak Mrs. Flower had provided for them. They were not left long to question. When Mrs. Langtry appeared, robed with the perfection of taste that has helped make her name world-famed, Joaquin advanced to meet her, led by Mrs. Flower. As the introduction took place, Joaquin seemed not to notice the proffered hand of Mrs. Langtry, but, rapidly raising both hands to his sombrero, took hold of it and dexterously showered upon the

JOAQUIN astonished lady a wealth of beautiful rose leaves,
MILLER at the same time jerking out in his most jerky fashion, "The tribute of the California roses to the Jersey Lily."

"Where do you live, Joaquin?" I once asked him.

"Three miles east, one mile perpendicular!" was the reply.

Geographically speaking, that place is "the Hights," near Oakland, California, and is Joaquin Miller's home.

That expression, "Three miles east and one mile perpendicular," is a graphic, symbolic statement of Joaquin's mental habitat. He lives miles nearer to the rising sun than most people, and his normal dwelling place is "a mile perpendicular." His nest is on "the Hights"; his eye far-seeing, blue, prophetic, keen, kind; and his soul attuned, when he sings, to the harmony of the spheres.

With narrowness, and conceit born of its narrowness, the East has never thought Joaquin Miller as great a poet as its Longfellow, its Bryant, its Whittier, its Emerson, its Poe. But Eastern

standards are not alone American standards. Be it for good or for evil, America, in literature, no longer means New England, any more than America is New England. The American poet must be more than local.

JOAQUIN
MILLER

America is not confined to New England. It is a vast continent. To be an American poet, one must know more than New England, more than the North, more than the South, more than the Middle West, even more than Chicago and St. Louis. He must know those towering and far-reaching Rockies, in one fold of which all the mountains of the East and South could softly nestle and hide. He must know the Pacific as well as the Atlantic; the mysteries, honors, joys and agonies of the painted desert; the bottomless but colorful abysses of the Grand Canyon; the wild, beauteous ruggedness of the Yosemite; the bubbling hell-pools of the Yellowstone; the solitude and snowy vastnesses of Alaska, and indeed, all the many and varied physiographic features that distinguish our new and Titanic West from our great but older East. **Q** More! he must be familiar with the child heart

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of the human race as well as that of the highly cultured. Longfellow wrote beautifully of the Indian, but it was a white man, a civilized mind expounding the theme, hence it was not Indian. Joaquin lived with Indians; became an Indian. There is a vast difference between becoming like an Indian and really transforming into one. Few white men ever become Indians. Joaquin did. He began early enough—the only time one can begin. Allured by the mysticism that surrounded the strangely clad, often unclad, rough-looking, dark-eyed natives, he followed them to their camps and climbed with them to snowy mountain heights and rocky canyon depths. He loved them, and they loved him in return. Then they taught him the woodcraft of a thousand years, and showed him how to read the heavens, the earth, and the waters that are under the earth, as none but Indians can. He journeyed with them on foot, on horseback, and in canoe. He sat with them by their camp-fires and learned, as children learn from their mothers, how they think, how they imagine, how they create. He listened as they told their strange,

simple and poetic conceptions as to how the world and all its powers originated. His poetic imagination was fired by their child-like, but exquisitely beautiful stories, legends and myths. He saw the mountains, valleys, forests, plains, canyons, deserts, ocean and islands in their creation, as the Indian poets saw them, and he entered into a new life when these necromancers of the imagination pictured for him the "days of old," when reptiles, fishes, birds and beasts walked and talked with men.

During all this time, he lived as an Indian, out of doors, free, unconfined, wild, untamed, uncivilized as the birds, the trees, the clouds, the stars.

¶ Then, in the days of his young manhood, he went back to civilization. He taught himself restraint, control, subjugation of his will to others. In these days he passed through many and varied experiences, now adding knowledge both of books and men to his accumulated store of Indian and Nature lore. Yet his life still gave him that daily contact with the new and larger West of which he was to become pre-eminently the poet. He

JOAQUIN MILLER studied law and was admitted to practice at the bar; he went to the gold mines and experienced all its strange and novel life—doing his own cooking, caring for sick comrades, washing his own clothes, laboring with his hands in the eager search for the yellow metal, now facing a drunken desperado, and next passing the hat for an itinerant preacher. During this gold excitement, there was a time when the miners were shut in and could get no mail. Deep snows, fifteen feet and more, had frightened the mail carrier, and these hundreds of men longed for news from wives, daughters, sons, at home. Joaquin Miller was the one man of the camp who volunteered to brave the storms, dare the dangers, defy the perils, and stand off the hungry wolves, as he crossed the snow-clad mountains, swept by angry winds, where no trail led his footsteps and all the ordinary identification marks were invisible; slid and slipped down the steep canyon slopes and forded or “logged” the swift-running mountain streams, simply to bring messages of love to the lonely men. It was on that trip that he suffered the

untold agonies of snow-blindness—agony that was not merely temporary, but that affected his eyesight so that he suffers from the ill effects to this day. Soon he organized a pony express connecting California, Idaho and Montana, and himself rode against time, hostile Indians, and bandit whites. Day or night, light, starlight or pitch dark, the mad race of the pony express continued. Who can tell what the world owes to the pictures that flashed into the brain of the rising American poet as he dashed through the air in this exciting and dangerous occupation.

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Before and during the war, he edited a paper, and, as a Quaker should, he spoke in the interests of peace. Not being a politician, he saw things from the abstractly right view-point and said and wrote things that in those heated days were regarded as treasonable; so his paper was suppressed and he was practically ostracised.

Again he fled to the gold mines, and there had an experience with a brave band of pioneers who went out to put down an uprising of the savage Indians of the Lava Beds, in Northern California.

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¶ On his return, he was elected to the bench and served a term, devoting all his spare time to writing some of the thoughts that flooded his brain. His published poems brought him nothing but disdain, however, and defeat in the next convention, where he asked for higher honors. It was a bitter disappointment, yet, like so many similar experiences, it was a blessing in disguise. It sent him off to Europe, where he came in contact with the larger world of science, art and letters. He saw the civilizations of the old world and learned at first hand, with his novel experiences as a background, the lessons of the past.

Then followed years of travel and varied vicissitudes here, there and everywhere. Brought into contact with the highest and the best, he learned fully to appreciate what they valued in his art.

¶ Hence a peculiar fitness for the work that destiny had prepared for him. He came to look upon this great America of his as no other poet of the age could. His survey was from a higher elevation, was immeasurably more comprehensive, and far more understanding than that of any of his

compeers. He saw with the eyes of culture, education and refinement the Eastern and Old World civilization, and, to my mind, more important still, as an equipment for our poet, he saw with the eyes of childhood of the race, eyes that accepted the mysteries of Life and Nature as babes accept them, without a thought, a question or a fear.

¶ Hence his work is conventional, and yet as wildly free as the song of the bird. His verse is in line, yet it is not the line of the ruler, but of the gigantic Sequoia. His poems are sculptured marble, but they are like El Capitan and the Grand Canyon, sculptured by wind, frost, rain, storm and atmospheric gases.

As a Nature singer, no American poet is the equal of Joaquin Miller. None could have been unless he had had Joaquin's experience and knew what he knew.

There is nothing derogatory in recognizing the limitations of Longfellow, Lowell and others of our poets. They did not see, did not know this larger, greater America, and therefore exercised their energies in other directions. Had Fremont

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been a poet, he might have stood side by side with Joaquin Miller and challenged his right to the elevated position I claim for him: for he knew—he was a mountain climber, a forder of unknown streams, a pathfinder over trackless prairies and a maker of trails over pathless deserts. Lewis and Clark knew enough, perhaps, had they had the poetic fire, to have been great American poets: for they wandered over the untamed vastness of the West in the early days of the white man's occupancy of the continent.

But men who never crossed the Missouri River, much less those who never reached half-way to it from the East—were incapable of being the poets of all America. They did not know America in its fullness, hence their harps were not strung to all its sweet melodies and entrancing harmonies.

Nay! the simile is incomplete, unsatisfactory. To stretch the musical metaphor and compel it, against its limitations, to obey my thought, the theme, "America," is one which requires orchestral handling. String, wood, reed, brass, pipe and pig

skin, with occasional cymbals and bells, are needed. The mere flute player, play he never so ravishingly, cannot satisfy the ear's demand for brazen music; neither can the divine playing of a Paganini on the strings compensate for the absence of trombone, oboe, clarinet and French horn.

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Our great poets, as Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, were admirable soloists, or perhaps capable of producing delicious strains from more than one instrument, but Joaquin Miller is the controlling power of a great orchestra, upon every instrument of which he plays with skill and passion. He has scaled the heights, dared the depths of the wonderful gamut of a full, complete, whole America. His work gives ravishing melodies and entrancing harmonies, comprising all the elements of choicest music in masterly arrangement.

Read in the following selections his invitation to his daughter to come to his newly established home on "the Hights," above Oakland, and see how, in that one song, longing, tenderness, sweetness, pathos, strength, ruggedness, and love are

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combined. ¶ He saw and described beauty in every form. Read his "Alaska," "Yosemite," "The Ship in the Desert," and "Where Rolls the Oregon," and then run through his poems as a whole and pick out a thousand dainty and exquisite little bits, such as these:

She was damn'd with the dower of beauty, she
Had gold in shower by shoulder and brow.
Her feet!—why, her two blessed feet were so small,
They could nest in this hand. How queenly, how tall,
How gracious, how grand!

Or this introduction to his "Arizonian":

Come to my sunland! Come with me
To the land I love; where the sun and sea
Are wed for ever; where the palm and pine
Are fill'd with singers; where tree and vine
Are voiced with prophets! O come, and you
Shall sing a song with the seas that swirl
And kiss their hands to that cold white girl,
To the maiden moon in her mantle of blue.

Even Browning's "Dawn" is not more vivid than these two lines:

And the pale moon rubs on her purple cover
Till worn as thin and as bright as tin.

Like Browning, he has many notes of true fun,

in which you can hear him clap his hands and laugh with very exuberance of glee. Such things are, "In Classic Shades," "The Gentle Man from Boston," "William Brown of Oregon," and "A Turkey Hunt on the Colorado," the anti-climax of which is a masterly stroke.

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Listen to the bold roar of the storm in this verse from "At our Golden Gate":

Oh, for England's old sea thunder
Oh, for England's bold sea men,
When we banged her over, under
And she banged us back again!
Better old time strife and stresses,
Cloud top't towers, walls, distrust;
Better wars than lazinesses,
Better loot than wine and lust!
Give us seas? Why, we have oceans!
Give us manhood, sea men, men!
Give us deeds, loves, hates, emotions!
Else give back these seas again.

He has always been an ideal defender of the slandered and dishonored. When Joaquin Murietta, the California bandit, was hounded and followed, captured and cruelly slain, Miller defended

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him in his poem and thus brought derision, scorn, hatred and contumely upon himself. That hatred and scorn was what caused him to change his name to Joaquin. He took the hated name and defied those who despised him.

When Walker was dishonored, he wrote his "With Walker in Nicaragua," and started out with:

He was a brick:

.

For he was true as God's north star,
And brave as Yuba's grizzlies are,
Yet gentle as a panther is,
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss.

He dedicated his collected poems to the most hated and universally disliked man in California: Collis P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific, in tribute of his greatness as a builder of railways.

When Riel, the Rebel, was hanged in Canada, he wrote three stanzas, that, had they been seen by Queen Victoria, would have made her feel as if all Arctic's snow and ice were piled upon her bosom.

His "Cuba Libre" was as vivid and powerful an arraignment of Spain as was ever penned, and his "Chants for the Boer" put into burning poetry what Herbert Spencer wrote in intense, forceful prose.

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For the right that needs assistance
For the wrong that needs resistance
For the glory in the distance,
For the good that we can do,

was his motto.

His cry of passion at the suggestion of an alliance between England and the United States in the Britain-Boer controversy, is like a trumpet-call from the fearless Isaiah or daring Elijah.

And yet, at the outset, he says: "Find here not one ill word for brave old England; my first, best friends were English!"

To Russia, he has cried with Tolstoyan power and warning. Nay, Tolstoy never wrote anything as powerful as Joaquin Miller's "To the Czar."

¶ Who shall say he is not a prophet? Twenty-three years ago, he wrote "Cuba Libre":

She shall rise as rose Columbus
From his chains, from shame and wrong—

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Rise as morning, matchless, wondrous—
Rise as some rich morning song—
Rise as ringing song and story,
Valor, Love personified,
Stars and Stripes espouse her glory,
Love and liberty allied.

Yes, Joaquin has carried many messages to Garcia. Like Andrew Rowan, who has no intention of retiring from business, he is still carrying them. ¶ In one or two instances, he has not hesitated to call aloud to arms, as in the “Chants for the Boer,” where he bids them welcome England:

. Well, welcome her!
Give her such welcome with such will
As Boston gave in battle's whirl
That red, dread day at Bunker Hill.

His ancestry and home training was that of the Friends, and though he has never been a consistent anything, much less a Friend in the orthodox, religious sense, his voice has ever been for peace. ¶ There are some poets who are larger than their message, and who know it; others whose message is larger than themselves, and they know it; still others whose message is much larger than

themselves, and they do not know it. To this latter class Joaquin Miller belongs. He neither knows the measure of his work, nor of himself. Nor does the world, as yet, dream of the magnitude and power of his art. He is a prophet who sees to the highest hilltops and beyond.

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GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.

STUDY OF JAMES

WHEN Napoleon met Wolfgang Goethe he said, "At last I have seen a man."

¶ When George Wharton James made a little journey to Sun-up and spoke one Sunday afternoon in Roycroft Chapel, I mopped for joy and said the same.

I never saw but one man to compare with James, and that was Dr. Lorenz of Vienna. They look alike, act alike, are about the same age—each has the same splendid health, the good cheer, the perfect poise, and the great sympathetic heart of a Man.

JOAQUIN
MILLER

These men know their business, and each, in his own line, has done his work better than any other living person.

James is the one authority on the Art of the North American Indian.

What 's that!—there is none?

Looke, my friend—no white woman can think out with her head and make with her hands a work of beauty to compare in completeness, in proportion, in perfection of color and design, with the work of an Arizona Indian woman. This Indian may work two years on a single basket, and into its design she will weave the history of her race, and her own history as well—her aspirations, hopes, disappointments, and her love.

To do good work you must be a good person.

A beautiful piece of work is a beautiful thought made manifest.

An Indian basket is a prayer.

Man, like Deity, creates in his own image. If there is no beauty in your soul, there will be no beauty in your work. If you have an inward illumination, it will come out at your finger-tips in your work,



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if you are free. ¶ And so these Indians who do this perfect work—this work of most exquisite proportion and design—must have in them much good. Are they not God's children? and has He not breathed into their spirits somewhat of the goodness and glory that reveals itself in leaf and flower, in bird and song, in mountain peak and sunset glow?

All is one.

And when you see George Wharton James and hear and listen to him as he relates the story of Ramona and her baskets, your heart will go out to all humanity in a universal sympathy, and love will possess your soul.

James has lived alone in the mountains and on the plains, and for six months has never seen a white person. The man who can live alone must be in good company in order to enjoy. Is n't that so?

¶ James is a specimen. He can run, ride, swim, work and play. He eats like a hired man and sleeps like a baby. He has the child-heart, the body of a strong man, the mind of a prophet, and the soul of a god.

JOAQUIN That is a combination we would all like to be,
MILLER and may, if we get ourselves in harmony with the
Infinite.

Let 's be men.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

THE POEMS

THE POEMS

SELECTIONS from Joaquin Miller's "Complete Poetical Works," published by Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco, California, to whom sincere thanks are tendered for their kind permission to republish here.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

'Mid white Sierras, that slope to the sea,
Lie turbulent lands. Go dwell in the skies,
And the thundering tongues of Yosemite
Shall persuade you to silence, and you shall be
wise.

I but sing for the love of song and the few
Who loved me first and shall love me last;
And the storm shall pass as the storms have
pass'd,
For never were clouds but the sun came through.

JOAQUIN
MILLER

KIT CARSON'S RIDE

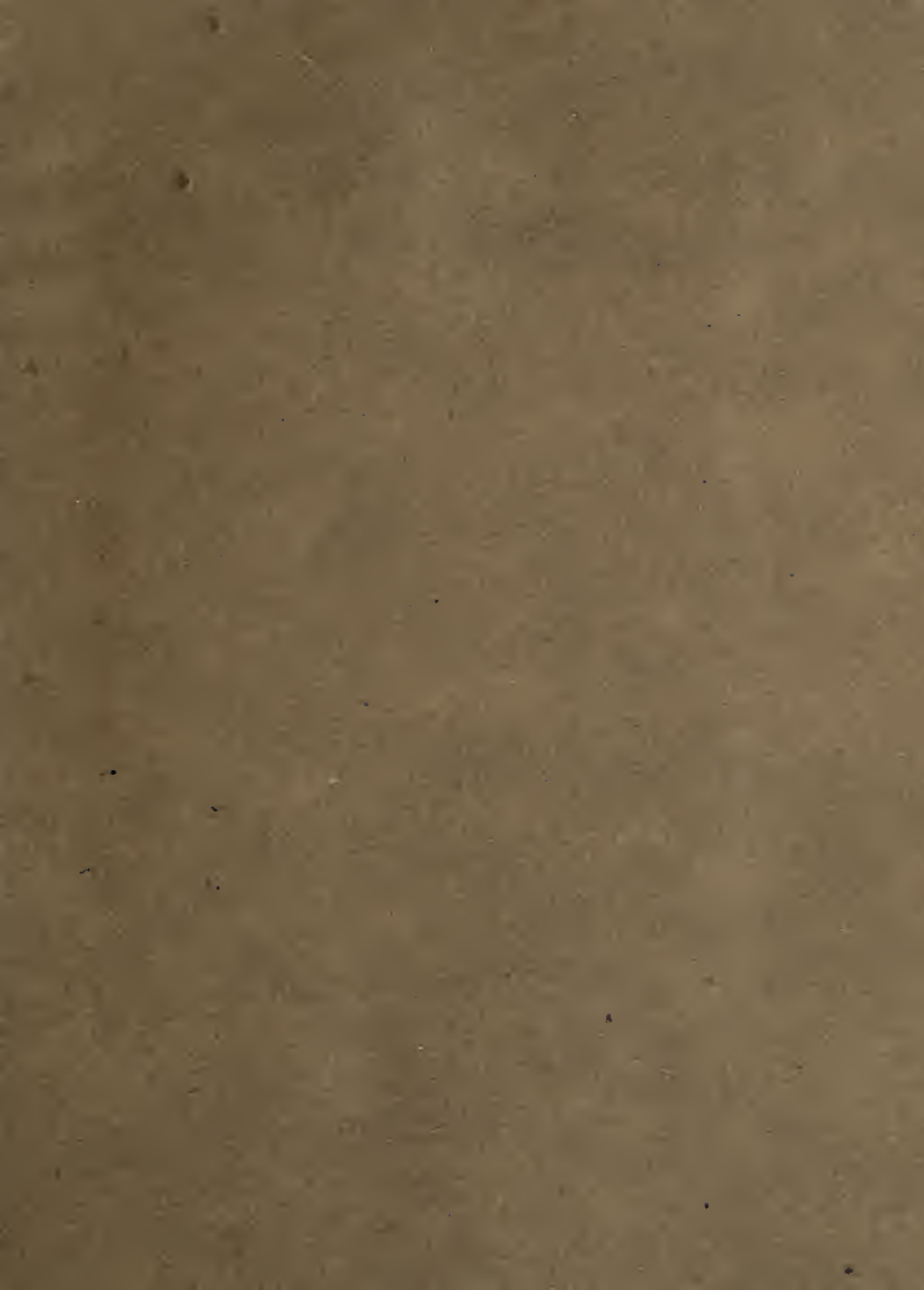
Room! room to turn round in, to breathe and be free,
To grow to be giant, to sail as at sea
With the speed of the wind on a steed with his mane
To the wind, without pathway or route or a rein.
Room! room to be free where the white border'd sea
Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as he;
Where the buffalo come like a cloud on the plain,
Pouring on like the tide of a storm driven main,
And the lodge of the hunter to friend or to foe
Offers rest; and unquestion'd you come or you go.
My plains of America! Seas of wild lands!
From a land in the seas in a raiment of foam,
That has reached to a stranger the welcome of home,
I turn to you, lean to you, lift you my hands.

London, 1871.

Run? Run? See this flank, sir, and I do love him
so!

But he 's blind as a badger. Whoa, Pache, boy,
whoa.

No, you would n't believe it to look at his eyes,
But he 's blind, badger blind, and it happen'd this
wise:





PREACHER BEN

We lay in the grass and the sunburnt clover
That spread on the ground like a great brown
cover

JOAQUIN
MILLER

Northward and southward, and west and away
To the Brazos, where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken level of brown.

We were waiting the curtains of night to come
down

To cover us trio and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

We lounged in the grass—her eyes were in
mine,

And her hands on my knee, and her hair was as
wine

In its wealth and its flood, pouring on and all over
Her bosom wine red, and press'd never by one.
Her touch was as warm as the tinge of the clover
Burnt brown as it reach'd to the kiss of the sun.
Her words they were low as the lute-throated
dove,

And as laden with love as the heart when it beats

JOAQUIN In its hot, eager answer to earliest love,
MILLER Or the bee hurried home by its burthen of sweets.

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride;
“Forty full miles if a foot to ride!

Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Comanches are hot on the track

When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon,” muttered bearded old Revels
As he peer’d at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerk’d at his
steed

And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly
around,

And then dropp’d, as if shot, with an ear to the
ground;

Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like flame, his face like a
shroud,

His form like a king and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as both trumpet and
reed,—

“Pull, pull in your lassoes, and bridle to steed, JOAQUIN
And speed you if ever for life you would speed. MILLER
Aye, ride for your lives, for your lives you must
ride!

For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And the feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire.”

We drew in the lassoes, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, cinched them on, cinched them
over again,

And again drew the girth; and spring we to horse,
With head to the Brazos, with a sound in the air
Like the surge of a sea, with a flash in the eye,
From that red wall of flame reaching up to the
sky;

A red wall of flame and a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert blown hollow and
hoarse.

JOAQUIN Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
MILLER We broke not a whisper, we breathed not a
prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in
the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Twenty miles!....thirty miles!....a dim distant
speck....

Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight!
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and look'd to my right—
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head droop-
ing

Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast
stooping

Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.

He rode neck to neck with a buffalo bull,
That made the earth shake where he came in his
course,

The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full

Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings hoarse.
His keen, crooked horns, through the storm of his

JOAQUIN
MILLER

mane,
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked
through,
And Revels was gone, as we rode two and two.

I look'd to my left then—and nose, neck, and
shoulder

Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs,
And up through the black blowing veil of her
hair

Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes,
With a longing and love yet a look of despair
And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames leaping far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking horse falter'd, plunged, fell and was
gone

As I reach'd through the flame and I bore her still on.
On! into the Brazos, she, Pache and I—
Poor, burnt, blinded Pache. I love him. That's why.

JUANITA

You will come my bird, Bonita?
Come! For I by steep and stone
Have built such nest for you, Juanita,
As not eagle bird hath known.

Rugged! Rugged as Parnassus!
Rude, as all roads I have trod—
Yet are steeps and stone-strewn passes
Smooth o'er head, and nearest God.

Here black thunders of my canyon
Shake its walls in Titan wars!
Here white sea-born clouds companion
With such peaks as know the stars!

Here madrona, manzanita—
Here the snarling chaparral
House and hang o'er steeps, Juanita,
Where the gaunt wolf loved to dwell!

Dear, I took these trackless masses
Fresh from Him who fashioned them;
Wrought in rock, and hewed fair passes,
Flower set, as sets a gem.

Aye, I built in woe. God willed it;
Woe that passeth ghosts of guilt;
Yet I built as His birds builded—
Builded, singing as I built.

All is finished! Roads of flowers
Wait your loyal little feet.
All completed? Nay, the hours
Till you come are incomplete.

Steep below me lies the valley,
Deep below me lies the town,
Where great sea-ships ride and rally,
And the world walks up and down.

O, the sea of lights far streaming
When the thousand flags are furled—
When the gleaming bay lies dreaming
As it duplicates the world!

You will come my dearest, truest?
Come my sovereign queen of ten;
My blue skies will then be bluest;
My white rose be whitest then:

JOAQUIN
MILLER

Then the song! Ah, then the saber
Flashing up the walls of night!
Hate of wrong and love of neighbor—
Rhymes of battle for the Right!

YOSEMITE

Sound! sound! sound!
O colossal walls and crown'd
In one eternal thunder!
Sound! sound! sound!
O ye oceans overhead,
While we walk, subdued in wonder,
In the ferns and grasses, under
And beside the swift Merced!

Fret! fret! fret!
Streaming, sounding banners, set
On the giant granite castles
In the clouds and in the snow!
But the foe he comes not yet,—
We are loyal, valiant vassals,
And we touch the trailing tassels
Of the banners far below.

Surge! surge! surge!
From the white Sierra's verge,
To the very valley blossom.
Surge! surge! surge!
Yet the song-bird builds a home,
And the mossy branches cross them,
And the tasselled tree-tops toss them,
In the clouds of falling foam.

Sweep! sweep! sweep!
O ye heaven-born and deep,
In one dread, unbroken chorus!
We may wonder or may weep,—
We may wait on God before us;
We may shout or lift a hand,—
We may bow down and deplore us,
But may never understand.

Beat! beat! beat!
We advance, but would retreat
From this restless, broken breast
Of the earth in a convulsion.
We would rest, but dare not rest,

JOAQUIN
MILLER

For the angel of expulsion
From this Paradise below
Waves us onward and..... we go.

ALASKA

Ice built, ice bound and ice bounded,
Such cold seas of silence! such room!
Such snow-light, such sea-light confounded
With thunders that smite like a doom!
Such grandeur! such glory! such gloom!
Hear that boom! Hear that deep distant boom
Of an avalanche hurled
Down this unfinished world!

Ice seas! and ice summits! ice spaces
In splendor of white, as God's throne!
Ice worlds to the pole! and ice places
Untracked and unnamed, and unknown!
Hear that boom! Hear the grinding, the
groan
Of the ice-gods in pain! Hear the moan
Of yon ice mountain hurled
Down this unfinished world.

PETER COOPER

Died 1883

JOAQUIN
MILLER

Give honor and love forevermore
To this great man gone to rest;
Peace on the dim Plutonian shore,
Rest in the land of the blest.

I reckon him greater than any man
That ever drew sword in war;
I reckon him nobler than king or khan,
Braver and better by far.

And wisest he in this whole wide land
Of hoarding till bent and gray;
For all you can hold in your cold dead hand
Is what you have given away.

So whether to wander the stars or to rest
Forever hushed and dumb,
He gave with a zest and he gave his best—
Give him the best to come.

JOAQUIN
MILLER

THE DEAD MILLIONAIRE

The gold that with the sunlight lies
In bursting heaps at dawn,
The silver spilling from the skies
At night to walk upon,
The diamonds gleaming in the dew
He never saw, he never knew.

He got some gold, dug from the mud,
Some silver, crushed from stones.
The gold was red with dead men's blood,
The silver black with groans;
And when he died he moaned aloud,
"There 'll be no pocket in my shroud."

TO THE JERSEY LILY

If all God's world a garden were,
And women were but flowers.
If men were bees that busied there,
Through endless summer hours,
O I would hum God's garden through
For honey till I came to you.

TO THE CZAR

JOAQUIN
MILLER

Down from her high estate she stept,
A maiden, gently born,
And by the icy Volga kept
Sad watch and waited morn;
And peasants say that where she slept
The new moon dipt her horn.
Yet on and on, through shoreless snows,
Far tow'rd the bleak north pole,
The foulest wrong the good God knows
Rolled as dark rivers roll;
While never once for all their woes
Upspake your ruthless soul.

She toiled, she taught the peasant, taught
The dark-eyed Tartar. He,
Illumined with her lofty thought,
Rose up and sought to be,
What God at the creation wrought,
A man! God-like and free.
Yet still before him yawned the black
Siberian mines! And oh,
The knout upon the bare white back!

JOAQUIN The blood upon the snow!
MILLER The gaunt wolves, close upon the track,
 Fought o'er the fallen so!

And this that one might wear a crown
Snatched from a strangled sire!
And this that two might mock or frown,
From high thrones climbing higher—
From where the Parricide looked down
With harlot in desire!
Yet on, beneath the great north star,
Like some lost, living thing,
That long dread line stretched, black and far
Till buried by death's wing!
And great men praised the goodly Czar—
But God sat pitying.

* * * * *

A storm burst forth! From out the storm
The clean, red lightning leapt,
And lo, a prostrate royal form....
And Alexander slept!
Down through the snow, all smoking, warm

Like any blood, his crept.
Yea, one lay dead, for millions dead!
One red spot in the snow
For one long damning line of red,
Where exiles endless go—
The babe at breast, the mother's head
Bowed down, and dying so.

And did a woman do this deed?
Then build her scaffold high,
That all may on her forehead read
The martyr's right to die!
Ring Cossack round on royal steed!
Now lift her to the sky!
But see! From out the black hood shines
A light few look upon!
Lorn exiles, see, from dark, deep mines,
A star at burst of dawn!....
A thud! A creak of hangman's lines!—
A frail shape jerked and drawn!....

* * * * *

The Czar is dead; the woman dead,

JOAQUIN About her neck a cord.
MILLER In God's house rests his royal head—
Hers in a place abhorred;
Yet I had rather have her bed
Than thine, most royal lord!
Aye, rather be that woman dead,
Than thee, dead-living Czar,
To hide in dread, with both hands red,
Behind great bolt and bar....
You may control to the North Pole,
But God still guides the star.

THE PASSING OF TENNYSON

My kingly kinsmen, kings of thought,
I hear your gathered symphonies,
Such nights as when the world is not,
And great stars chorus through my trees.

We knew it, as God's prophets knew;
We knew it, as mute red men know,
When Mars leapt searching heaven through
With flaming torch, that he must go.
Then Browning, he who knew the stars,
Stood forth and faced insatiate Mars.

JOAQUIN
MILLER

Then up from Cambridge rose and turned
Sweet Lowell from his Druid trees—
Turned where the great star blazed and burned,
As if his own soul might appease.
Yet on and on through all the stars
Still searched and searched insatiate Mars.

Then stanch Walt Whitman saw and knew;
Forgetful of his "Leaves of Grass,"
He heard his "Drum Taps," and God drew
His great soul through the shining pass,
Made light, made bright by burnished stars;
Made scintillant from flaming Mars.

Then soft-voiced Whittier was heard
To cease; was heard to sing no more.
As you have heard some sweetest bird
The more because its song is o'er.
Yet brighter up the street of stars
Still blazed and burned and beckoned Mars:

* * * * *

And then the king came; king of thought,

JOAQUIN King David with his harp and crown....
MILLER How wisely well the gods had wrought
That these had gone and sat them down
To wait and welcome mid the stars
All silent in the light of Mars.

All silent So, he lies in state
Our redwoods drip and drip with rain
Against our rock-lined Golden Gate
We hear the great, sad, sobbing main.
But silent all He passed the stars
That year the whole world turned to Mars.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

“My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak.”
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
“What shall I say, brave Adm’r’l, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?”
“Why, you shall say at break of day:
‘Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!’”

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
“Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm’r’l; speak and say—”
He said: “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the
mate:
“This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

JOAQUIN
MILLER

Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a flaming sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL

And full these truths eternal
O'er the yearning spirit steal,
That the real is the ideal,
And the ideal is the real.

She was damn'd with the dower of beauty, she
Had gold in shower by shoulder and brow.
Her feet!—why, her two blessed feet, were so small,
They could nest in this hand. How queenly, how tall,
How gracious, how grand! She was all to me,—
My present, my past, my eternity!

She but lives in my dreams. I behold her now
By shoreless white waters that flow'd like a sea
At her feet where I sat; her lips push'd out
In brave, warm welcome of dimple and pout!
'T was æons ago. By that river that ran
All fathomless, echoless, limitless, on.

NEW DEPOT HOTEL.

A. H. PRACHT, PROPRIETOR.



ASHLAND, ORE., 7-30 1901

My insurance I write. Did not see
Lomes - the junior are poor before I brought
I have him much over an hour & I measure
him. I was to have interviewed him when
he spoke in A. F., but I am such a clam - fifty
I was in the meetings ^{so} and measure the property.

I start from here with the Journal, Sen-
-ators are a party of people - Clinch's town

stock for me giving to exhibit some
of my birds: at once to them. Do
as you please in all things and I shall be
pleased. The stock book goes.
You are right to leave off the Superfines
birds in Columns. My name put there
for those who need to know "This
is a cow," certainly makes to flats;
Believing in your mystery and missing
you would stay home & have done
last power I am ever truly yours
Longman



And shoreless, and peopled with never a man, JOAQUIN
We met, soul to soul No land; yet I think MILLER
There were willows and lilies that lean'd to drink.
The stars they were seal'd and the moons were
gone.

The wide shining circles that girdled that world,
They were distant and dim. And an incense curl'd
In vapory folds from that river that ran
All shoreless, with never the presence of man.

How sensuous the night; how soft was the sound
Of her voice on the night! How warm was her
breath

In that world that had never yet tasted of death
Or forbidden sweet fruit! In that far profound

We were camped on the edges of god-land. We
Were the people of Saturn. The watery fields,
The wide-wing'd, dolorous birds of the sea,
They acknowledged but us. Our brave battle
shields

Were my naked white palms; our food it was love.
Our roof was the fresco of gold belts above.

JOAQUIN
MILLER

How turn'd she to me where that wide river ran,
With its lilies and willows and watery reeds,
And heeded as only your true love heeds!....
How tender she was, and how timid she was!
But a black, hoofed beast, with the head of a
man,

Stole down where she sat at my side, and began
To puff his tan cheeks, then to play, then to pause,
With his double-reed pipes; then to play and to
play
As never played man since the world began,
And never shall play till the judgment day.

How he puff'd! how he play'd! Then down the
dim shore,
This half-devil man, all hairy and black,
Did dance with his hoofs in the sand, laughing
back

As his song died away.... She turned never more
Unto me after that. She rose, and she pass'd
Right on from my sight. Then I followed as fast
As true love can follow. But ever before
Like a spirit she fled. How vain and how far

Did I follow my beauty, red belt or white star! JOAQUIN
Through foamy white sea, unto fruit laden shore! MILLER

How long I did follow! My pent soul of fire
It did feed on itself. I fasted, I cried;
Was tempted by many. Yet still I denied
The touch of all things, and kept my desire....
I stood by the lion of St. Mark in that hour
Of Venice when gold of the sunset is roll'd
From cloud to cathedral, from turret to tower,
In matchless, magnificent garments of gold;
Then I knew she was near; yet I had not known
Her form or her face since the stars were sown.

We two had been parted—God pity us!—when
This world was unnamed and all heaven was dim;
We two had been parted far back on the rim
And the outermost border of heaven's red bars;
We two had been parted ere the meeting of
men,
Or God had set compass on spaces as yet;
We two had been parted ere God had once set
His finger to spinning the purple with stars,—

JOAQUIN And now at the last in the sea and fret
MILLER Of the sun of Venice, we two had met.

Where the lion of Venice, with brows a-frown,
With tossed mane tumbled, and teeth in air,
Looks out in his watch o'er the watery town,
With paw half lifted, with claws half bare,
By the blue Adriatic, at her bath in the sea,—
I saw her. I knew her, but she knew not me.
I had found her at last! Why I, I had sail'd
The antipodes through, had sought, and had hail'd
All flags; I had climbed where the storm clouds
curl'd,
And call'd o'er the awful arch'd dome of the
world.

I saw her one moment, then fell back abash'd,
And fill'd to the throat.... Then I turn'd me once
more,
Thanking God in my soul, while the level sun
flashed
Happy halos about her.... Her breast!—why, her
breast



THE FRIENDS

Was white as twin pillows that lure you to rest. JOAQUIN
Her sloping limbs moved like to melodies told, MILLER

As she rose from the sea, and threw back the
gold

Of her glorious hair, and set face to the shore....

I knew her! I knew her, though we had not met
Since the red stars sang to the sun's first set!

How long I had sought her! I had hunger'd, nor
ate

Of any sweet fruits. I had followed not one

Of all the fair glories grown under the sun.

I had sought only her, believing that she

Had come upon earth, and stood waiting for me

Somewhere by my way. But the pathways of Fate

They had led otherwhere; the round world round,

The far North seas and the near profound

Had fail'd me for aye. Now I stood by that sea

Where she bathed in her beauty,.... God, I and
she!

I spake not, but caught in my breath; I did raise
My face to fair heaven to give God praise

JOAQUIN That at last, ere the ending of Time, we had met,
MILLER Had touch'd upon earth at the same sweet
place....

Yea, we never had met since creation at all;
Never, since ages ere Adam's fall,
Had we two met in that hunger and fret
Where two should be one, but had wander'd
through space;
Through space and through spheres, as some bird
that hard fate
Gives a thousand glad Springs but never one
mate.

Was it well with my love? Was she true? Was
she brave
With virtue's own valor? Was she waiting for me?
Oh, how fared my love? Had she home? Had
she bread?
Had she known but the touch of the warm-
temper'd wave?
Was she born to this world with a crown on her
head,
Or born, like myself, but a dreamer instead?....

So long it had been! So long! Why, the sea—
That wrinkled and surly, old, time-temper'd
slave—

JOAQUIN
MILLER

Had been born, had his revels, grown wrinkled
and hoar

Since I last saw my love on that uttermost shore.

Oh, how fared my love? Once I lifted my face,
And I shook back my hair and look'd out on the
sea;

I press'd my hot palms as I stood in my place,
And I cried, "Oh, I come like a king to your
side

Though all hell intervene!" . . . "Hist! she may
be a bride,

A mother at peace, with sweet babes at her knee!
A babe at her breast and a spouse at her side!—
Had I wander'd too long, and had Destiny
Set mortal between us?" I buried my face
In my hands, and I moan'd as I stood in my place.

'T was her year to be young. She was tall, she
was fair—

JOAQUIN Was she pure as the snow on the Alps over
MILLER there?

'T was her year to be young. She was queenly
and tall;
And I felt she was true, as I lifted my face
And saw her press down her rich robe to its
place,
With a hand white and small as a babe's with a
doll.
And her feet!—why, her feet in the white shining
sand
Were so small, 't was a wonder the maiden could
stand.
Then she push'd back her hair with a round
hand that shone
And flash'd in the light with a white starry stone.

Then my love she is rich! My love she is fair!
Is she pure as the snow on the Alps over there?
She is gorgeous with wealth! "Thank God, she
has bread,"
I said to myself. Then I humbled my head
In gratitude deep. Then I question'd me where

Was her palace, her parents? What name did
she bear?

What mortal on earth came nearest her heart?

Who touch'd the small hand till it thrill'd to a
smart?

'T was her year to be young. She was rich, she
was fair—

Was she pure as the snow on the Alps over there?

Then she loosed her rich robe that was blue like
the sea,

And silken and soft as a baby's new born.

And my heart it leap'd light as the sunlight at
morn

At the sight of my love in her proud purity,

As she rose like a Naiad half-robed from the
sea.

Then careless and calm as an empress can be

She loosed and let fall all the raiment of blue,

As she drew a white robe in a melody

Of moving white limbs, while between the two,

Like a rift in the cloud, shone her fair presence
through.

JOAQUIN
MILLER

Soon she turn'd, reach'd a hand; then a tall
gondolier
Who had lean'd on his oar, like a long lifted
spear,

Shot sudden and swift and all silently,
And drew to her side as she turn'd from the tide.
It was odd, such a thing, and I counted it queer
That a princess like this, whether virgin or bride,
Should abide thus apart as she bathed in the sea;
And I chafed and I chafed, and so unsatisfied,
That I flutter'd the doves that were perch'd close
about,
As I strode up and down in dismay and in doubt.

Swift she stept in the boat on the borders of night
As an angel might step on that far wonder land
Of eternal sweet life, which men mis-name Death.
Quick I called me a craft, and I caught at my
breath

As she sat in the boat, and her white baby hand
Held vestments of gold to her throat, snowy
white.

Then her gondola shot,—shot sharp for the shore:

There was never the sound of a song or of oar, JOAQUIN
But the doves hurried home in white clouds to MILLER
Saint Mark,
Where the brass horses plunge their high manes
in the dark.

Then I cried: "Follow fast! Follow fast! Follow
fast!

Aye! thrice double fare, if you follow her true
To her own palace door!" There was plashing
of oar

And rattle of rowlock....I sat peering through,
Looking far in the dark, peering out as we passed
With my soul all alert, bending down, leaning low.
But only the oaths of the fisherman's crew
When we jostled them sharp as we sudden shot
through

The watery town. Then a deep, distant roar—
The rattle of rowlock; the rush of the oar.

The rattle of rowlock, the rush of the sea....
Swift wind like a sword at the throat of us all!
I lifted my face, and, far, fitfully

JOAQUIN The heavens breathed lightning; did lift and let
MILLER fall

As if angels were parting God's curtains. Then
deep

And indolent-like, and as if half asleep,

As if half made angry to move at all,

The thunder moved. It confronted me.

It stood like an avalanche poised on a hill,

I saw its black brows. I heard it stand still.

The troubled sea throb'd as if rack'd with pain.

Then the black clouds rose and suddenly rode,

As a fiery, fierce stallion that knows no rein;

Right into the town. Then the thunder strode

As a giant striding from star to red star,

Then turn'd upon earth and frantically came,

Shaking the hollow heaven. And far

And near red lightning in ribbon and skin

Did seam and furrow the cloud with flame,

And write on black heaven Jehovah's name.

Then lightnings came weaving like shuttlecocks,

Weaving rent robes of black clouds for death.



SANDY, BRUDDER AND THE SCRIBE

And frightened doves fluttered them home in
flocks,
And mantled men hied them with gather'd breath.
Black gondolas scattered as never before,
And drew like crocodiles up on the shore;
And vessels at sea stood further at sea,
And seamen haul'd with a bended knee,
And canvas came down to left and to right,
Till ships stood stripp'd as if stripp'd for fight!

Then an oath. Then a prayer. Then a gust, with
rents
Through the yellow sail'd fishers. Then suddenly
Came sharp fork'd fire! Then again thunder fell
Like the great first gun! Ah, then there was rout
Of ships like the breaking of regiments,
And shouts as if hurled from an upper hell.

Then tempest! It lifted, it spun us about,
Then shot us ahead through the hills of the sea
As a great steel arrow shot shoreward in wars—
Then the storm split open till I saw the blown
stars.

JOAQUIN On! on! through the foam! through the storm!
MILLER through the town!

She was gone! She was lost in that wilderness
Of leprous white palaces Black distress!
I stood in my gondola. All up and all down
We pushed through the surge of the salt-flood street
Above and below 'T was only the beat
Of the sea's sad heart I leaned, listened; I
sat

'T was only the water-rat; nothing but that;
Not even the sea-bird screaming distress,
As she lost her way in that wilderness.

I listen'd all night. I caught at each sound;
I clutch'd and I caught as a man that drown'd—
Only the sullen, low growl of the sea
Far out the flood-street at the edge of the ships;
Only the billow slow licking his lips,
A dog that lay crouching there watching for me,—
Growling and showing white teeth all the night;
Only a dog, and as ready to bite;
Only the waves with their salt-flood tears
Fretting white stones of a thousand years.

And then a white dome in the loftiness
Of cornice and cross and of glittering spire
That thrust to heaven and held the fire
Of the thunder still; the bird's distress
As he struck his wings in that wilderness,
On marbles that speak, and thrill, and inspire,—
The night below and the night above;
The water-rat building, the sea-lost dove;
That one lost, dolorous, lone bird's call,
The water-rat building,—but that was all.

Silently, slowly, still up and still down,
We row'd and we row'd for many an hour,
By beetling palace and toppling tower,
In the darks and the deeps of the watery
town.

Only the water-rat building by stealth,
Only the lone bird astray in his flight
That struck white wings in the clouds of night,
On spires that sprang from Queen Adria's
wealth;

Only one sea dove, one lost white dove:
The blackness below, the blackness above!

JOAQUIN Then, pushing the darkness from pillar to post,
MILLER The morning came sullen and gray like a ghost
Slow up the canal. I lean'd from the prow,
And listen'd. Not even that dove in distress
Crying its way through the wilderness;
Not even the stealthy old water-rat now,
Only the bell in the fisherman's tower,
Slow tolling at sea and telling the hour,
To kneel to their sweet Santa Barbara
For tawny fishers at sea, and to pray.

* * * * *

High over my head, carved cornice, quaint spire,
And ancient built palaces knock'd their gray
brows

Together and frown'd. Then slow-creeping scows
Scraped the walls on each side. Above me the
fire

Of sudden-born morning came flaming in bars;
While up through the chasm I could count the
stars.

Oh, pity! Such ruin! The dank smell of death
Crept up the canal: I could scarce take my breath!

'T was the fit place for pirates, for women who
keep

JOAQUIN
MILLER

Contagion of body and soul where they sleep....

God's pity! A white hand now beck'd me
From an old mouldy door, almost in my reach.
I sprang to the sill as one wrecked to a beach;
I sprang with wide arms: it was she! it was
she!....

And in such a damn'd place! And what was her
trade?

To think I had follow'd so faithful, so far
From eternity's brink, from star to white star,
To find her, to find her, nor wife nor sweet maid!
To find her a shameless poor creature of shame,
A nameless, lost body, men hardly dared name.

All alone in her shame, on that damp, dismal
floor

She stood to entice me I bow'd me before
All-conquering beauty. I call'd her my Queen!
I told her my love as I proudly had told
My love had I found her as pure as pure gold.

JOAQUIN I reach'd her my hands, as fearless, as clean,
MILLER As man fronting cannon. I cried, "Hasten forth
To the sun! There are lands to the south, to the
north,
Anywhere where you will. Dash the shame from
your brow;
Come with me, for ever; and come with me now!"

Why, I'd have turn'd pirate for her, would have
seen
Ships burn'd from the seas, like to stubble from
field.
Would I turn from her now? Why should I now
yield,
When she needed me most? Had I found her a
queen,
And beloved by the world,—why, what had I
done?
I had woo'd, and had woo'd, and had woo'd till
I won!
Then, if I had loved her with gold and fair fame,
Would not I now love her, and love her the
same?

My soul hath a pride. I would tear out my heart
And cast it to dogs, could it play a dog's part! JOAQUIN MILLER

“Don't you know me, my bride of the wide world
of yore?

Why, don't you remember the white milky-way
Of stars, that we traversed the æons before?....
We were counting the colors, we were naming
the seas

Of the vaster ones. You remember the trees
That sway'd in the cloudy white heavens, and
bore

Bright crystals of sweets, and the sweet manna-
dew?

Why, you smile as you weep, you remember, and
you,

You know me! You know me! You know me!
Yea,

You know me as if 't were but yesterday!”

I told her all things. Her brow took a frown;
Her grand Titian beauty, so tall, so serene,
The one perfect woman, mine own idol queen—

JOAQUIN Her proud swelling bosom, it broke up and down
MILLER As she spake, and she shook in her soul as she
said,

With her small hands held to her bent, aching
head:

“Go back to the world! Go back, and alone
Till kind Death comes and makes white his own.”
I said: “I will wait! I will wait in the pass
Of death, until Time he shall break his glass.”

Then I cried, “Yea, here where the gods did
love,

Where the white Europa was won,—she rode
Her milk-white bull through these same warm
seas,—

Yea, here in the land where huge Hercules,
With the lion’s heart and the heart of the dove,
Did walk in his naked great strength, and strode
In the sensuous air with his lion’s skin
Flapping and fretting his knotted thews;
Where Theseus did wander, and Jason
cruise,—

Yea, here let the life of all lives begin.

“Yea! Here where the Orient balms breathe
life,
Where heaven is kindest, where all God’s blue
Seems a great gate open’d to welcome you.
Come, rise and go forth, my empress, my wife.”
Then spake her great soul, so grander far
Than I had believed on that outermost star;
And she put by her tears, and calmly she said,
With hands still held to her bended head:
“I will go through the doors of death and wait
For you on the innermost side of death’s gate.

“Thank God that this life is but a day’s span,
But a wayside inn for weary, worn man—
A night and a day; and, to-morrow, the spell
Of darkness is broken. Now, darling, farewell!”
I caught at her robe as one ready to die—
“Nay, touch not the hem of my robe—it is red
With sins that your own sex heap’d on my
head!

Now turn you, yes, turn! But remember how I
Wait weeping, in sackcloth, the while I wait
Inside death’s door, and watch at the gate.”

JOAQUIN I cried yet again, how I cried, how I cried,
MILLER Reaching face, reaching hands as a drowning
man might.

She drew herself back, put my two hands aside,
Half turned as she spoke, as one turned to the
night:

Speaking low, speaking soft as a wind through
the wall

Of a ruin where mold and night masters all:

“I shall live my day, live patient on through
The life that man hath compelled me to,
Then turn to my mother, sweet earth, and
pray

She keep me pure to the Judgment Day!
I shall sit and wait as you used to do,
Will wait the next life, through the whole life
through.

I shall sit all alone, I shall wait alway;
I shall wait inside of the gate for you,
Waiting, and counting the days as I wait;
Yea, wait as that beggar that sat by the gate
Of Jerusalem, waiting the Judgment Day.”

THE WORLD IS A BETTER WORLD

JOAQUIN

Aye, the world is a better old world to-day!

MILLER

And a great good mother this earth of ours;

Her white to-morrows are a white stairway

To lead us up to the star-lit flowers—

The spiral to-morrows that one by one

We climb and we climb in the face of the sun.

Aye, the world is a braver old world to-day!

For many a hero dares bear with wrong—

Will laugh at wrong and will turn away;

Will whistle it down the wind with a song—

Dares slay the wrong with his splendid scorn!

The bravest old hero that ever was born!

THE LIGHT OF CHRIST'S FACE

Behold how glorious! Behold

The light of Christ's face; and such light!

The Moslem, Buddhist, as of old,

Gropes helpless on in hopeless night.

But lo! where Christ comes, crowned with flame,

Ten thousand triumphs in Christ's name,

Ten thousand triumphs in Christ's name.

JOAQUIN But lo! where Christ comes crowned with flame,
MILLER Ten thousand triumphs in Christ's name,
Ten thousand triumphs in Christ's name.

Elijah's chariot of fire
Chained lightnings harnessed to his car!
Jove's thunders bridled by a wire—
Call unto nations "here we are!"
Lo! all the world one sea of light,
Save where the Paynim walks in night,
Lo, all the world one sea of light,
Lo, all the world one sea of light,
Save where the Paynim walks in night.
Lo, all the world one sea of light.

What more? What sermons like to these;
This light of Christ's face, power, speed,
In these full rounded centuries,
To prove the Christ, the Christ in deed?
Yea, Christ is life, and Christ is light.
And anti-Christ is death and night,
Yea, Christ is life, and Christ is light.
Yea, Christ is life, and Christ is light,

And anti-Christ is death and night,
Yea, Christ is life, and Christ is light.

JOAQUIN
MILLER

OUR HEROES OF TO-DAY

With high face held to her ultimate star,
With swift feet set to her mountains of gold,
This new-built world, where the wonders are,
She has built new ways from the ways of old.

Her builders of worlds are workers with hands;
Her true world-builders are builders of these,
The engines, the plows; writing poems in sands
Of gold in our golden Hesperides.

I reckon these builders as gods among men:
I count them creators, creators who knew
The thrill of dominion, of conquest, as when
God set His stars spinning their spaces of blue.

A song for the groove, and a song for the wheel,
And a roaring song for the rumbling car;
But away with the pomp of the soldier's steel,
And away forever with the trade of war.

JOAQUIN The hero of time is the hero of thought ;
MILLER The hero who lives is the hero of peace ;
 And braver his battles than ever were
 fought,
 From Shiloh back to the battles of Greece.

The hero of heroes is the engineer ;
The hero of height and of gnome-built deep,
Whose only fear is the brave man's fear
That some one waiting at home might weep.

The hero we love in this land to-day
Is the hero who lightens some fellow-man's
 load—
Who makes of the mountain some pleasant high-
 way ;
Who makes of the desert some blossom-sown
 road.

Then hurrah ! for the land of the golden downs,
For the golden land of the silver horn ;
Her heroes have built her a thousand towns,
But never destroyed her one blade of corn.

FATHER DAMIEN

JOAQUIN
MILLER

The best of all heroes that ever may be,
The best and the bravest in peace or in war
Since that lorn sad night in Gethsemane—
Horns of the moon or the five-horned star?
Why, merely a Belgian monk, and the least,
The lowliest—merely a peasant-born priest.

And how did he fight? And where did he fall?
With what did he conquer in the name of God?
The cross! And he conquered more souls than all
Famed captains that ever fought fire-shod.
Now, lord of the sapphire-set sea and skies,
Far under his Southern gold Cross he lies.

Far under the fire-sown path of the sun
He sleeps with his lepers; but a world is his!
His great seas chorus and his warm tides run
To dulcet and liquid soft cadences.
And, glories to come or great deeds gone,
I'd rather be he than Napoleon.

He rests with his lepers, for whom he died;

JOAQUIN MILLER The lorn outcasts in their cooped up isle,
While Slander purses her lips in pride
And proud men gather their robes and smile.
They mock at his deeds in their daily talk,
Deriding his work in their Christian (?) walk.

But the great wide, honest, the wise, big world;
Or sapphire splendors or midnight sun,
It is asking the while that proud lips are curled,
Why do not ye as that monk hath done?
Why do not ye, if so braver than he,
Some one brave deed that the world might see?

LINCOLN PARK

Unwalled it lies, and open as the sun
When God swings wide the dark doors of the
 East.
Oh, keep this one spot, still keep this one,
Where tramp or banker, layman or high priest,
May equal meet before the face of God:
Yea, equals stand upon that common sod
Where they shall one day equals be
Beneath, for aye, and all eternity.

JOAQUIN tells us "Olive Leaves" are poems written in fulfillment of a promise made in response to an appeal from his brother, "who fell in battle front upon the Delaware," for "some gentler things—some songs for Peace. Mid all your songs for men, one song for God." "The promise given," he tells us, "The dark-browed mother, Death, bent down her face to his, and he was born to Him."

JOAQUIN
MILLER

For tender sweetness and religious fervor, the following poems leave little to be desired.

THE LAST SUPPER

And when they had sung a hymn they went out into the
Mount of Olives.

What song sang the twelve with the Saviour
When finished the sacrament wine?
Were they bowed and subdued in behavior,
Or bold as made bold with a sign?

Were the hairy breasts strong and defiant?
Were the naked arms brawny and strong?

JOAQUIN Were the bearded lips lifted reliant,
MILLER Thrust forth and full sturdy with song?

What sang they? What sweet song of Zion
With Christ in their midst like a crown?
While here sat Saint Peter, the lion;
And there like a lamb, with head down,

Sat Saint John, with his silken and raven
Rich hair on his shoulders, and eyes
Lifting up to the faces unshaven
Like a sensitive child's in surprise.

Was the song as strong fishermen swinging
Their nets full of hope to the sea?
Or low, like the ripple wave singing
Sea songs on their loved Galilee?

Were they sad with foreshadow of sorrows,
Like the birds that sing low when the breeze
Is tip-toe with tales of to-morrows,—
Of earthquakes and sinking of seas?

Ah! soft was their song as the waves are
That fall in musical moans;
And sad I should say as the winds are
That blow by the white grave-stones.

FAITH

There were whimsical turns of the waters,
There were rhythmical talks of the sea,
There were gather'd the darkest-eyed daughters
Of men, by the deep Galilee.

A blowing full sail, and a parting
From multitudes, living in Him,
A trembling of lips and tears starting
From eyes that look'd downward and dim.

A mantle of night and a marching
Of storms, and a sounding of seas,
Of furrows of foam and of arching
Black billows; a bending of knees;

The rising of Christ—an entreating—
Hands reach'd to the seas as he saith,

JOAQUIN "Have Faith!" And all seas are repeating,
MILLER "Have Faith! Have Faith! Have Faith!"

HOPE

What song is well sung not of sorrow?
What triumph well won without pain?
What virtue shall be, and not borrow
Bright luster from many a stain?

What birth has there been without travail?
What battle well won without blood?
What good shall earth see without evil
Ingarn'd as chaff with the good?

Lo! the Cross set in rocks by the Roman,
And nourish'd by blood of the Lamb,
And water'd by tears of the woman,
Has flourish'd, has spread like a palm;

Has spread in the frosts, and far regions
Of snows in the North, and South sands,
Where never the tramp of his legions
Was heard, or reached forth his red hands.

Be thankful ; the price and the payment,
The birth, the privations and scorn,
The cross, and the parting of raiment
Are finish'd. The star brought us morn.

JOAQUIN
MILLER

Look starward ; stand far and unearthy,
Free soul'd as a banner unfurl'd.
Be worthy, O brother, be worthy !
For a God was the price of the world.

CHARITY

Her hands were clasped downward and doubled,
Her head was held down and depressed,
Her bosom, like white billows troubled,
Fell fitful and rose in unrest ;

Her robes were all dust, and disorder'd
Her glory of hair, and her brow,
Her face, that had lifted and lorded,
Fell pallid and passionless now.

She heard not accusers that brought her
In mockery hurried to Him,

JOAQUIN Nor heeded, nor said, nor besought her
MILLER With eyes lifted doubtful and dim.

All crush'd and stone-cast in behavior,
She stood as a marble would stand,
Then the Saviour bent down, and the Saviour
In silence wrote on in the sand.

What wrote He? How fondly one lingers
And questions, what holy command
Fell down from the beautiful fingers
Of Jesus, like gems in the sand.

O better the scion uncherished
Had died ere a note or device
Of battle was fashion'd, than perish'd
This only line written by Christ.

He arose and look'd on the daughter
Of Eve, like a delicate flower,
And He heard the revilers that brought her;
Men stormy, and strong as a tower.

And He said, "She has sinned; let the blame-
less

JOAQUIN
MILLER

Come forward and cast the first stone!"
But they, they fled shamed and yet shameless;
And she, she stood white and alone.

Who now shall accuse and arraign us?
What man shall condemn and disown?
Since Christ has said only the stainless
Shall cast at his fellows a stone.

For what man can bare us his bosom,
And touch with his fore-finger there,
And say, "'T is as snow, as a blossom"?
Beware of the stainless, beware!

O woman, born first to believe us;
Yea, also born first to forget;
Born first to betray and deceive us;
Yet first to repent and regret!

O first then in all that is human,
Yea! first where the Nazarene trod,

JOAQUIN O woman! O beautiful woman,
MILLER Be then first in the Kingdom of God!

BEYOND JORDAN

And they came to him, mothers of Judah,
Dark eyed and in splendor of hair,
Bearing down over shoulders of beauty,
And bosoms half hidden, half bare;

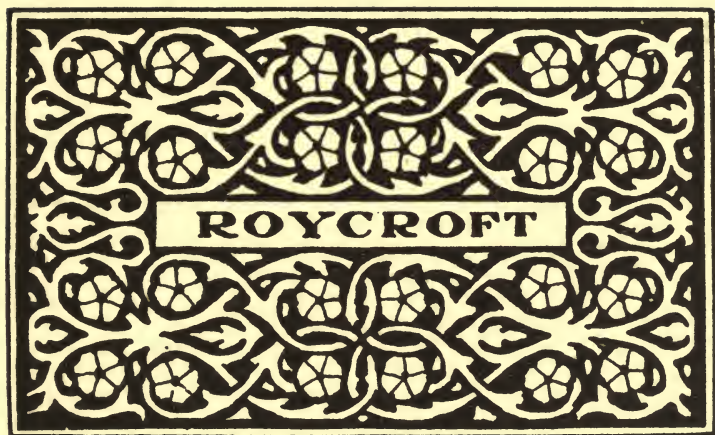
They brought him their babes and besought him
Half kneeling, with suppliant air,
To bless the brown cherubs they brought him,
With holy hands laid in their hair.

Then reaching his hands he said lowly,
“Of such is my Kingdom”; and then
Took little brown babes in the holy
White hands of the Saviour of men;

Held them close to his heart and caress'd them,
Put his face down to theirs as in prayer,
Put their hands to his neck, and so blessed them,
With baby hands hid in his hair.

SO HERE ENDETH JOAQUIN MILLER & GEORGE
WHARTON JAMES, AS DONE INTO A BOOK BY
THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOP WHICH IS
IN EAST AURORA, N. Y., OCTOBER, A. D. MCMIII.





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